

UNCLE ARTHUR'S

BEDTIME STORIES

SECOND
SERIES



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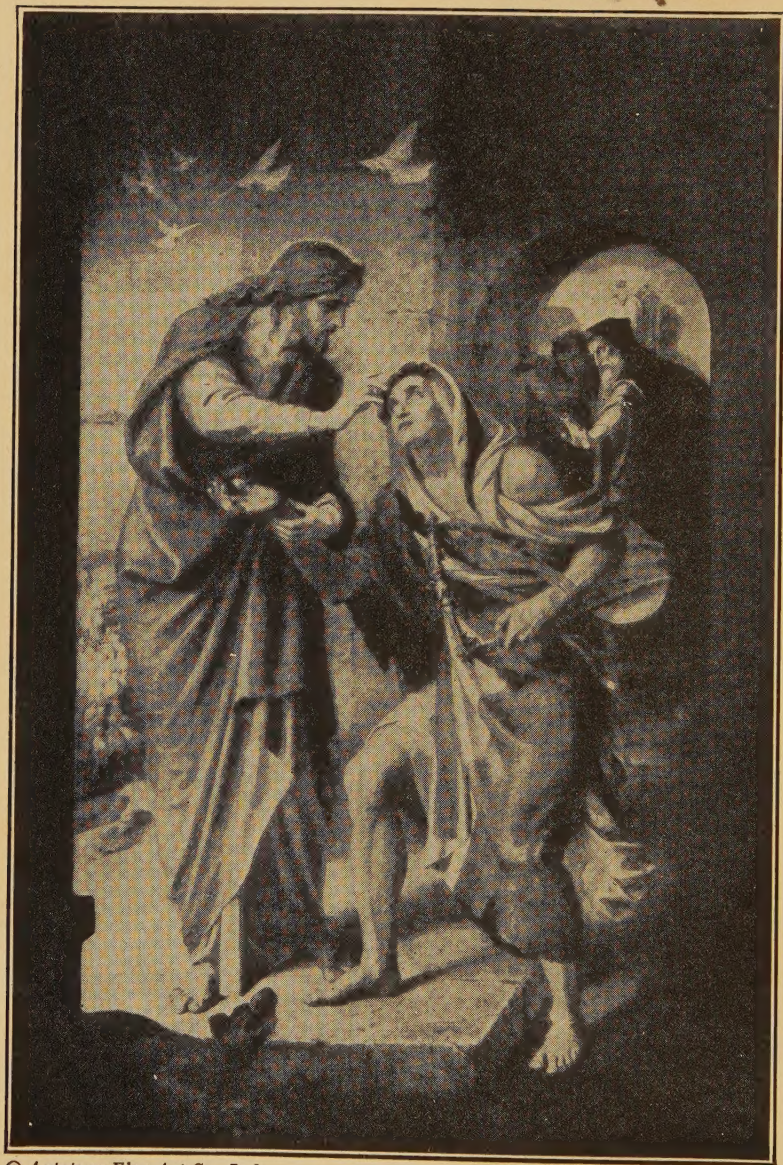
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Lorne E. Rocke

UNCLE ARTHUR'S
BEDTIME STORIES
(SECOND SERIES)

Jesus 3 and 4



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Jesus Healing the Blind Man

(2)

Uncle Arthur's BEDTIME STORIES

By ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

Editor of the "Present Truth," author of "Looking
Beyond World Problems," "Christ's Glorious
Return," "After Many Days," etc.

"Suffer the little children to come
unto Me, and forbid them not: for
of such is the kingdom of God."
Mark 10: 14.

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CONTENTS

PART I—MORAL LESSON STORIES

Unlucky Jim	7
The Stowaway	13
Knocking Out the "T"	17
The "I-Know-That" Girl	21
"Echoes"	25
What Charlie Heard in the Market Place	29
"A Whole Loaf, Please!"	33
The Worm in the Fire	37
How Tommy Opened the Windows of Heaven	40
How Lazy Laurie Became Mother's Helper	43

PART II—HISTORICAL STORIES

(FOR CHILDREN OVER SEVEN)

The Story of Trains	49
The Story of Ships	57
The Story of Balloons and Airplanes	65

PART III—BIBLE STORIES

The Three Knocks	75
What God Can Do with Little Things	81
On Galilee	87
"Behold, Thy King Cometh!"	93

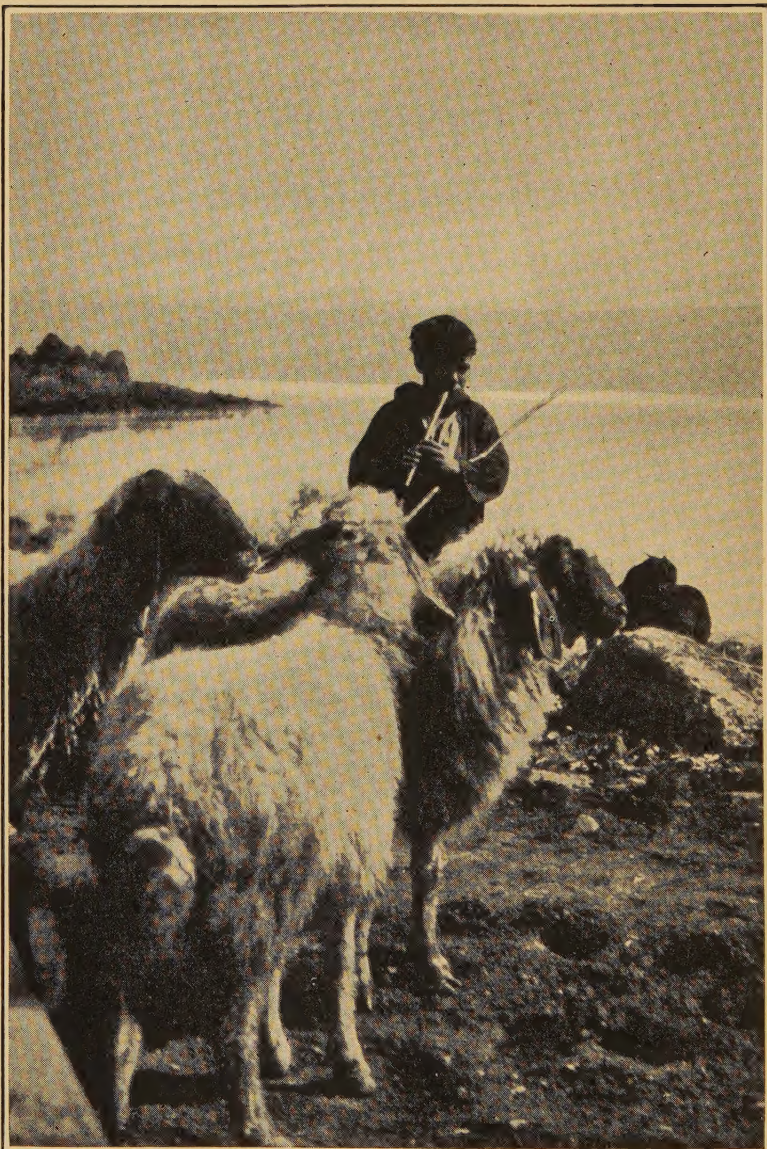


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A little boy tending sheep by Lake Galilee (See page 87)

(6)

Unlucky Jim

A Christmas Story

IM thought he was the most unlucky boy that had ever been born. Everything seemed to go wrong with him. His outlook on life was particularly dark just now, for only a few minutes ago his one and only glass marble had rolled down a drain.

But quite apart from this calamity, he had much to make him feel blue. For one thing, he was shivering with cold. He should have had warm stockings and underclothes to wear, but he hadn't any, because there was not enough money to buy them. Father was out of work.

For another thing, he was hungry. It was some hours since dinner time, and the bread and butter he had had then seemed to have gone clear down to the south pole. As he trudged along the streets with his hands in his pockets, he saw lots of other boys and girls going into beautiful homes for their supper, and he knew that he would have to climb up the dirty, narrow stairs of an East-End tenement for the little bit of bread and jam that he would get.

Just then he passed a toy shop, all ablaze with lights and full of everything that might make a boy's heart glad. He stopped a moment and watched other boys and girls coming out with fascinating brown-paper parcels under their arms. Jim jabbed his hand a little deeper down into his pocket and fingered his penny once again, his sole remaining wealth. How he wished he could buy something to take to his little sister, lying at home so sick!

"If I ain't the unluckiest fellow that ever lived!" he reflected.

But the next day his luck seemed to change. He was walking down the street near his home when a well-dressed lady stopped him.

"Is your name Jimmie Mackay?" she asked.

"Yes, m'm, please, m'm," said Jimmie, surprised, and wondering what was going to happen.

"Well," said the lady, "we have your name on a list at our church, and we want you to come to a special Christmas treat next week. Here is a ticket for you."

"My word!" said Jimmie, not knowing what else to say. "But what about Jean—she's my sister, yer know; she'll be better by then, p'rhaps; she ought to come too."

"I'm afraid we can take only one from each family this time," said the lady kindly. "We will try to take Jean next time."

"Well, that's lucky and unlucky," said Jim to himself as the lady walked away. "Lucky for me and unlucky for poor Jean."

Then a bright idea occurred to him—perhaps he could let Jean go instead of him. He looked at his card. It read: "Admit bearer—Jimmie Mackay—only."

"Unlucky again!" murmured Jimmie.

So Jimmie went to the treat. For the best part of the time he forgot all about his troubles. Everything was so different, so very wonderful. He had never had so much to eat in all his life.

After supper they all played games until it was time for the presents on the Christmas tree to be given away. What excitement there was then, especially as

each child was to be allowed to choose just what he wanted most.

Jim could hardly sit still as he watched the other children going up in front of him. He felt as though he were on "pins and needles." He had seen such a wonderful toy engine hanging on the tree—something he had wanted all his life; and how he did hope and hope and *hope* that no one would ask for it first!

At last—after what seemed hours—Jimmie's turn came.

"Jimmie Mackay!" called out the lady by the tree.

Jimmie jumped from his seat like a shell from a cannon. All he could see was the red engine; it was still there!

But as he approached the lady, he noticed that she was the very one who had spoken to him in the street and given him his ticket for the treat. Immediately a new idea entered his mind.

"And what would you like to have, Jimmie?" asked the lady. "You may have any one thing you like from the tree."

What an offer! Jimmie could scarcely take it in. He stood and gazed up at the sparkling, heavily laden tree. Once more his eye caught sight of the engine.

"Most of all," he said, looking up at the lady, "I would like that red engine; but if you don't mind, I will take that fairy doll over there."

Tears filled his eyes as he said it, but with great resolution he kept his face straight.

Somehow the lady seemed to understand and, without a word, she brought Jimmie the doll. As he went away, she squeezed his hand and, bending down, whispered, "God bless you."

But the other children did not understand at all. For a moment all restraint broke down and, with whoops and yells, they announced to the world that Jimmie had chosen a doll. Some of the boys called out "Sissy!" and others, with a superior air, "Imagine a boy taking a doll!" And the little girls said, "That was just the doll we wanted!"

Jimmie blushed. He couldn't help it. Finally he became so uncomfortable that he put on his cap and went out, with the doll under his arm.

All the way home he thought about the bad luck that seemed to have dogged his footsteps that evening. First, he had deliberately lost his engine, and secondly, he had been made the laughingstock of the whole crowd of children.

"If I'm not the unluckiest feller—" he began. Then he felt the doll under his arm. At once his thoughts brightened and his step quickened.

A few minutes later, he was up in the little dark bedroom where Jean lay sick in bed.

"I'm so glad you have come!" said Jean. "It's so lonely here all by myself. And what have you got there?" she asked, sitting up in bed and peering at the doll with eager eyes. "Is that for me? Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, you *are* a dear!"

And Jimmie forgot all about his bad luck. A thrill of joy went through him as he saw his sister's delight. How glad he was that he had chosen the doll and not the engine!

Just then there was a knock at the door. It was the lady from the meeting.

"What—?" began Jimmie.

"I've come to say how sorry I am that the children were so unkind to you this evening," interrupted the lady. "They're sorry too, now. I told them why you chose the doll. And they asked me to bring you something for yourself. Here it is. Now I must go, for it is getting late. Good night!"—and she was gone.

Jimmie gasped, and then opened the package.

It was the engine!

Then he danced a jig around Jean's bed, chuckling to himself, and saying:

"If I ain't the luckiest feller that ever lived!"



When Jimmie felt "unlucky"



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Leaving the sinking ship

The Stowaway

The Story of a Captain's Sacrifice



SOME years ago a small steamer encountered a terrific storm in the South Atlantic Ocean. For three days the ship was tossed and buffeted by the mighty waves. One mast was carried away, and the steering gear was damaged.

Toward the close of the third day, the storm seemed to increase in severity. The sky became blacker than ever, and the poor sailors realized that still worse times were ahead. Suddenly, amid the crashing of awful peals of thunder, the cry was raised that the ship had sprung a leak.

In a moment the pumps were manned, but soon it was discovered that the water was rising in the hold faster than the men could pump it out. They worked desperately for another hour, but all in vain. Seeing the task was hopeless and the ship was doomed, the captain ordered that the boats be lowered.

To the dismay of all, it was now discovered that there was but one of the boats that remained undamaged by the waves—the rest were so battered that no one could expect them to live in such a sea. There was nothing to do but to cram the entire crew into the one boat.

Quickly the men climbed in, filling the boat to its utmost capacity. There was just room enough to squeeze in the captain, who, like the noble Englishman he was, had remained behind till the last.

He was about to step over the side of the ship to climb down the ladder to the boat, when, hearing a cry,

he looked around. There, running toward him across the deck, was a strange young lad, dirty-faced and clothed in rags. He was a stowaway.

Where the lad had hidden himself or how he had kept himself alive since the ship left port, the captain did not know, and there was no time to inquire.

"Quick, lad!" he shouted, stepping back on to the ship. "Down the ladder!"

The lad needed no second invitation. He was over the side and into the boat in a moment—filling the last few inches of space.

"Come on!" shouted the men to the captain, willing to overload the boat rather than leave him behind.

"Push off!" yelled the captain, above the howling of the storm. He knew full well that one more in the boat would certainly capsize it and cause the death of all.

So the men pushed off, and not a moment too soon. Hardly were they at a safe distance from the ship than it turned on its side and plunged into the sea, bearing the noble captain to his ocean grave.

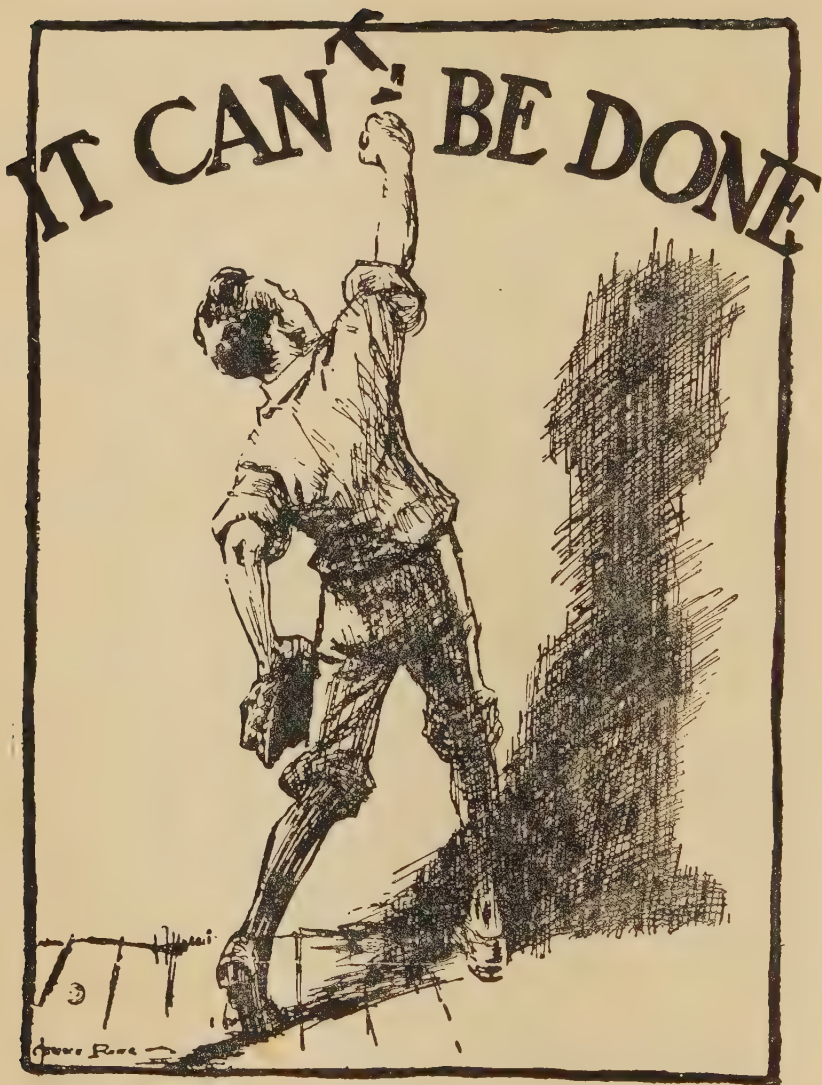
After many days of hardship, the men in the boat were picked up by a passing vessel and finally reached home again. Never did the stowaway forget the captain's self-sacrifice. The memory of that heroic deed changed his life. He felt he must be worthy of so priceless a gift. In his pocket he carried the captain's photograph, to which he would point as he told and retold the thrilling story, saying, "He gave his life for me."

And, now, children, does not this story help us to understand what Jesus has done for each one of us? He is the Captain, we the stowaways. We do not in

the least deserve to be saved and have a place in His beautiful home. But Jesus died to make this possible; and although it was many, many years ago that He made His wonderful sacrifice, it is available for every one of us to-day. As the stowaway afterwards talked about the captain, so we, too, should be glad to tell others of what Jesus has done for us. We, too, can say, "He died for me."



The crucifixion of Jesus



Knocking out the "T"

Knocking Out the "T"

The Secret of Success—for Boys and Girls



DON'T know what this boy's name is, or where he lives, or where he goes to school, or what he wants to be when he grows up; but I do know this—he is going to make a success of life. It is as clear as can be that he has energy, courage, determination, and high aim; and these four qualities together will carry a boy almost anywhere.

Of course you understand what he is doing. He has come up against some great problem which at first sight seemed too much for him. Then, instead of sitting down and crying over his "bad luck," he has summoned his courage and is tackling the difficulty in the spirit of a conqueror.

As to the nature of the problem facing him, I am not prepared to say. Probably he was at school, and a stiff problem puzzled him. Instead of giving up and going out to play—or copying the answer from the boy next to him—he has said to himself, "This problem *can* be done; and I am going to do it if it takes me all night."

Or he may have been at home in father's workshop, doing some carpentry, and found, after long, careful work, the joints wouldn't fit. Instead of filling up the misfitting joints with putty and shavings and saying how he hated saws and chisels, he has faced the failure bravely, saying, "I've made a mistake somewhere; I'll try again. It *can* be done."

Or perhaps he was out on his bicycle, going on an errand for mother—and got a puncture halfway out.

Instead of giving up and coming back, he has set his teeth and walked the rest of the distance through rain and mud and *delivered the message*.

Any boy who would succeed in life must learn the art of knocking out the "t." All who have done big things in the world have first learned that "can't" is not in the dictionary.

You have heard, perhaps, of the enormous difficulties faced by the builders of the Panama Canal—how they had to fight disease, cut through mountain ranges, divert rivers, and solve a thousand other immense problems. What was it brought them to final success? These words from the "Song of the Panama Canal Builders" give the answer:

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?

Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?

We specialize in the wholly impossible,

Doing the thing which no man can do."

Every man mentioned in the Bible who did a great work for God believed first that there was nothing "wholly impossible."

Moses led Israel through the Red Sea. Joshua took the next generation across the dry bed of an overflowing Jordan. Elijah brought both fire and water from heaven. Elisha performed equally marvelous miracles. In New Testament times Peter, John, Paul, and others accomplished many more "impossible" things.

"But," you say, "God helped them." True; but they had first to believe that these things could be done by God's help. Having asked for His aid, they

attacked the problems in hand, confident of triumph. They believed that "with God all things are possible." So, when a "can't" presented itself, they promptly knocked out the "t."

Here, then, is a fifth and perhaps the most important quality that makes for success in a boy's life. He must have energy, courage, determination, and high aim, but with all these he must mingle confidence—not self-confidence, but God-confidence. He must hold it as a certainty that "all things are possible to him that believeth." When he has to face a problem of any kind, however small or large, he must learn to say as did Paul: "*I can* do it"—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Having asked the help of Jesus, we can attack any obstacle, confident of victory.

Knock out the "t"!



Topical

Trafalgar Square, where little Miss "I-Know-That" was lost
(20)

The "I-Know-That" Girl

And How She Discovered How Little She Knew



DON'T know whether you know her or not. Perhaps you do. Anyway you probably know some one like her. This particular little girl that I know used to think that she knew just everything; and yet she was only eight years old. When her daddy told her anything, she would say, "I know that." Or if mamma pointed out something new in a store window, she would say, "Oh, I have seen that before." She just wouldn't admit that there was anything she didn't know. It was quite impossible to surprise her with anything. If you took her to town and bought her a new umbrella for her birthday and then asked her afterwards if she was pleased with it, she would say, "Well, I thought I was going to get an umbrella, anyway."

Of course nobody liked to take such a little girl anywhere. If people came to her house and wanted to give the children a treat, they would whisper to her daddy, "I think we will take only the boys this time." Of course they were too polite to say what they thought of the little girl; but daddy knew just what was the matter.

One day there was great excitement in the home of Miss "I-Know-That." Daddy had announced that he was going to take the little girl to London all by herself. How pleased she was! and to think that she was the only one that was going!

On the way up in the train the little girl's daddy tried to make the journey interesting for her. He tried

hard not to read his newspaper, and kept pointing out all the things that most little girls would be glad to see.

"I know that," said the little girl. "I remember seeing that before."

At last the daddy got a bit tired, and changed the subject.

"Supposing," he said, "that you were to lose me in London, what would you do?"

"Oh, go home," said the little miss, as though quite undisturbed at the thought.

"But how?"

"Oh, just walk to the station and get on the train."

"But how would you know the way?"

"Oh, well,—er—that's easy; I know that."

An hour later they were down in Trafalgar Square, gazing up at Lord Nelson standing there so cold and lonely looking at the top of his tall pillar.

There were crowds of people hurrying about, but the little girl did not seem to notice them. She was too interested in the big bronze lions and the man at the top of the pillar. She did not like to admit that this was something new to her, but at last turned around to ask daddy all about it.

"Why," she asked, "is that man with one arm standing up there on top of that pole?"

She stopped and looked. There was no daddy to be seen.

"Daddy!"

No answer.

"Dad-deeeeeeeee!"

Still no reply. Daddy had gone, and she was alone.

Now she thought of what she had said to her daddy about knowing the way home. She looked at the hun-

dreds of people who were surging by her in all directions, up at the great buildings, out over the streets where busses and motor cars were rushing by, and at last the truth came home to her that she really did not know anything at all about the way home. There were so many hundreds of busses, how could she tell which one to take? She did not even know the name of the station to ask for.

Then she began to cry. For a little while nobody seemed to take any notice of her. The people were all in too great a hurry. But after a little while a big policeman came across the road and, bending down, asked her very kindly what was the matter.

"I'm lost!" she whimpered.

"Lost! Why, who were you with?" asked the big policeman.

"My daddy, and he's gone."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Well, come along with me, then."

"No, I don't want to go to the police station! Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"Well, I can't leave you here. I'm afraid you'll have to come with me. But we'll find your daddy all right."

So the big policeman and little Miss "I-Know-That" walked off toward the police station, the little girl quietly sobbing as she trotted along at his side.

They had not gone far when a familiar voice from behind called out, "Girlie!"

Forgetting all about the policeman and her troubles, the little girl turned around and jumped into her daddy's arms.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said; "I thought I was lost."

Then they had a big hug right there in Trafalgar Square.

"You see, girлие," said daddy afterwards, "I only wanted to see if you really did know the way home as you said you did."

And ever after that when the little girl was tempted to say, "I know that," she thought of the big policeman and Trafalgar Square—and didn't say it.

MY PRAYER

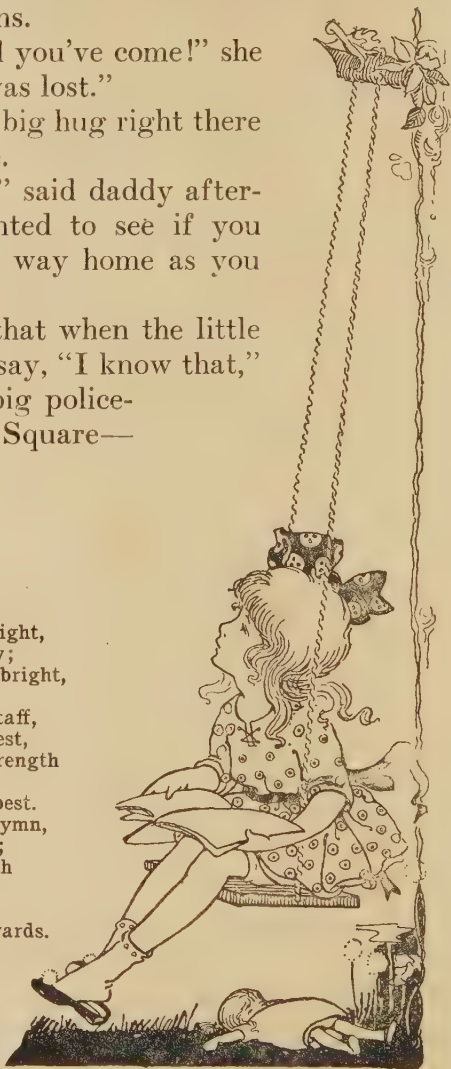
God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength
I have

May serve my neighbors best.
God make my life a little hymn,
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth
dim—

In all His wondrous ways.

—M. B. Edwards.



Little Miss "I-Know-That"

“Echoes”

Outdoors and Indoors

 OTHER and seven-year-old Mary were on their way into town from their little country bungalow. On the way they passed by a group of boys in a field, who were making all sorts of curious noises.

“What are those boys doing?” asked Mary.

“I don’t know,” said mother, “let’s go and see.”

“Hal-lo! Ya-boo! Pe-ter! Hoop-la!” yelled the boys.

Then they stopped a moment and listened.

Faintly but distinctly came back the same sounds:

“Hal-lo! Ya-boo! Pe-ter! Hoop-la!”

“I know now,” said mother; “they are listening for the echo.”

“What is an echo?” asked Mary.

“A repeated sound,” said mother. “The noises those boys are making reach that high wall at the other side of the field, and are thrown back to them again. It seems as though the wall is speaking to them; but it only repeats exactly what they say to it.”

“Would the wall speak to me?” asked Mary.

“Oh, yes. You may try if you like.”

So Mary went over to where the boys were standing, and they waited while she called. She could not think of anything to call except, “Mamma.”

A brief moment of silence, then “Mamma” came back from the wall.

“Oh, mamma!” cried Mary, “some one must want you over there.”

"Oh, no," said mother, with a smile, "that was only the wall repeating what you said."

On the way to town and back Mary could think of nothing else but the echo she had heard. She was greatly delighted when mother told her that she would be able to listen to an echo at home. She determined to try it immediately when she got indoors.

So when they reached home Mary went into every room calling, "Mamma," and listening for the echo. But there was no reply. She was disappointed.

"Mamma," she said, running into the kitchen, "I thought you said I should hear an echo indoors."

"Yes, dear, but most likely you will hear it at dinner time."

"It's nearly that now," said Mary.

"Yes," said mother, "bring Reggie in out of the garden and put him in his chair."

In a few minutes dinner was served.

"I don't want any of those horrid potatoes," said Mary.

"I don't want any of those horrid potatoes," repeated Reggie.

Mother said nothing, but put out the potatoes. Then she prepared to serve the cabbage.

"Mamma, I just hate greens!" exclaimed Mary.

"Mamma, I just hate g'eens!" said Reggie.

But mamma put out the greens, and the children ate them; they had to, when mamma looked straight.

When it came to pudding time, Mary had some more comments to make.

"Only custard for me; you know I don't like rhubarb."

"Only custard for me; you know I don't like woobarb," said Reggie.

Then Mary smiled, and mother smiled too.

"I think I heard an echo," said mother.

"So do I," said Mary, with a self-conscious laugh.

Just then it dawned upon Mary that little Reggie was repeating nearly everything she said, and particularly the naughty things. A new sense of responsibility came upon her. She seemed to see herself as Reggie's school-teacher.

"I think," she said, "that we will give him only good words to echo after this."

And mother was so pleased that she walked right around the table and gave Mary a great big kiss. And though she did not say anything, you could see she was very pleased and happy.





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Jesus saving Peter on stormy Galilee

(28)

What Charlie Heard in the Market Place

A True Story

HARLIE was in the market place, playing marbles with a chum. Hearing some one speaking loudly, the two looked up and saw a crowd gathered around a man who was standing on a small platform.

"It's the minister!" said Willie.

"Let's go and hear what he's talking about," said Charlie.

They ran across the market place, and pushed their way through the crowd so as to get as near the platform as they could.

When they found that the minister was preaching a sermon, they were not a little sorry they had come so far in, and tried to get out again. But they couldn't move. All around the crowd was pressing them in.

Seeing that they could not get away, they began to listen. Charlie did not understand much of what was being said, but somehow one sentence seemed to fasten itself on his mind. It was the text upon which the man was preaching: "If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain." 1 Samuel 19:11.

All the way home Charlie thought about these words, and wondered what they meant. He could not get them out of his mind. They worried him.

About ten o'clock that night, Charlie's mother was sitting quietly in the kitchen knitting something for the baby, when a voice from upstairs called her.

"Mamma!"

"Go to sleep, Charlie," called mother; "you should have been asleep long ago."

Half an hour later mother thought she heard some one crying. Curious, and a little anxious, she put down her knitting, and crept upstairs. Yes, to be sure, Charlie was weeping softly.

"Charlie, whatever is the matter?" asked mother lovingly.

"I'm frightened," said Charlie, amid sobs.

"Why, what has happened?"

"Mr. Brown was preaching in the market place this evening, and he said that if I didn't save my life to-night, to-morrow might be too late, and I might be killed."

"I'm sure he didn't mean it just like that," said mother soothingly.

"Yes, he did," said Charlie, with a strange earnestness in his voice. "How can I 'save my life to-night'? What did he mean?"

"I will tell you about it to-morrow," said mother. "Go to sleep now; you must be tired."

"No, mamma; I must know now. Tell me."

So mother stayed, and began to tell him the story of salvation. She had talked to him before about Jesus, but Charlie had never seemed to listen. Mother realized that this was her opportunity.

She began by telling him how, in the long, long ago, Jesus made the heavens and the earth and placed the first parents of man in the beautiful garden of Eden—how they disobeyed Jesus, and how their children became more and more wicked as the years went by.

"But Jesus loved them still," said mother, "and He sent many messengers to tell them of His love and to ask them to come back to Him. But they would not listen to them. At last, after a long time, Jesus decided to come down from heaven Himself to make plain how real was His love for men.

"So, leaving behind all the glorious things that were His in heaven, He changed Himself into a little child, and grew up as all boys grow. When He became a man, He went about telling people of His love for them, all the time healing their sicknesses and helping them every way He could.

"He told them, too, that if only they would believe in Him He would freely forgive them for all the wicked things they had done, and save them from the punishment that would otherwise certainly come to them. He also promised to give them eternal life—to come back for them some day, raise them from their graves, and take them to live with Him forever.

"They were wonderful promises to make, especially to people who had been so unkind to Him," said mother; "and you would think that everybody would have come to Him with joy.

"But no; instead, they took Him and nailed Him to a big wooden cross, hanging Him up in the air until He died. It was an awful thing to do to Jesus, the King of heaven. I wonder sometimes why it was that God did not open the heavens and send the angels down to punish those wicked people. But He didn't; He wanted to give them still another chance.

"Jesus was buried in a tomb by a few friends, but within three days He came to life again. After that He met with those who had believed in Him, and told

them that He was now going back to heaven, but would keep His promise to come again. To-day He is still in heaven; but soon He will come back in all His glory, and take those who love Him to be with Him forever."

"But how can I be sure He will take me?" asked Charlie.

"The Bible says, '*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' And that is really what Mr. Brown meant when he talked about 'saving your life to-night.' He really wanted you and all the people in the market place to acknowledge Jesus as Lord of heaven, Saviour of the world, and their own best Friend. If you do that, you need not worry any more about what may happen to-morrow or in years to come, for you will belong to Jesus. He will take care of you all your life; and if He thinks it best for you to die before His return, He certainly will not forget you when He does come back. He would not be happy in heaven if you were left out. Do you understand about Him? Do you believe in Him?"

"Yes," whispered Charlie, squeezing mother's hand. "I am not afraid now."

Mother went downstairs, very happy to know that her boy had given his heart to Jesus. She knew that if he faithfully served Him day by day, his life would be safe, and he would have nothing to fear.

“A Whole Loaf, Please”

How a Hungry Girl's Prayer Was Answered

(BASED ON AN ACTUAL HAPPENING)

N THE days following the awful revolution in Russia there was much suffering among the people of the country. Many thousands starved to death. Thousands more, who once had had all that they could wish for, became beggars. It was difficult for the children to understand, for the change came so suddenly upon them all. I think many of them must have “cried their eyes out” lots of times.

There was one family that I know about that had a very hard time. Father had been killed, mother had died, and grandma was left with three children. Once they had lived in a beautiful home, and their table had always been spread with good things. Now they were living in a hovel. Grandma was knitting hard all day to try to earn enough to keep the children alive. But when she had done her work, it was very difficult to obtain food in exchange for it. There was so little food to be had.

One day the last morsel had been eaten. After a crust apiece for the midday meal, there was not a crumb left in the house. Grandma was very, very sad, but she tried not to let the children see her anxiety. She called them around her, told them what was the matter, and then they knelt down to pray. She felt that they had come to the end of their resources, and that unless Jesus should help them they would surely die of starvation like the other poor people around them.

So they prayed. What a prayer meeting that was! Just grandma and the three children; but they all prayed as only the starving can.

I don't know what they all said, but the little girl's prayer was like this:

"Dear Jesus, please send us something for supper; not just a crust, but a whole loaf, please."

They had not seen a whole loaf for many a long day, and it was like our asking for a birthday cake for an ordinary meal.

Supper time came, but still there was no food. Poor little dears! How they must have longed for something to eat!

"You haven't sharpened the bread knife yet," said the little girl to grandma, still fully believing that her prayer would be answered.

So grandma sharpened the knife, according to Russian custom.

The evening passed, and night drew on. Cold and hungry, the children were about to go to bed when there was a knock at the door.

A man stood outside, covered with snow. He had tramped nearly twenty miles that day. Grandma recognized him as an old friend of the family, and welcomed him in.

"What has brought you here to-night?" she inquired.

"About noon to-day something impressed me that you were in dire need and that I must come to you at once."

Then, turning to the children, he said: "And you will never guess what I have brought with me."

"I can," said the little girl.

"What is it, then?" asked the gentleman.

"It's a whole big loaf," said the little girl.

"And that's just what it is!" said the friend, opening his overcoat and drawing one out. "And how did you know?"

Then they told him how they had prayed that Jesus would send them not a crust, but a whole loaf, and together they went down on their knees and thanked Him for His wonderful care for those who believe in Him.

And though it was only a loaf and no butter on it, what a wonderful supper it was they had that night!





Red Indians in a canoe

The Worm in the Fire

A Red Indian Story



HAVE forgotten the chief's name, so let us call him Chief Red Feathers. He was head of a large tribe in one of the Western States of North America. For some time past a white missionary had been living with his people, and Chief Red Feathers had become very much interested in the message he had brought to them.

He called for the missionary, and spoke with him. At first he couldn't understand why it was that such a person as Jesus, who didn't belong to his tribe and, so far as he knew, had never been in his country, was interested in him. Day after day he sat in his wigwam with the missionary, asking him all sorts of questions.

At last one day the beautiful truth of the love of Jesus dawned on his mind, and from that moment he was a changed man.

His people noticed the difference at once, and wondered what had happened. Chief Red Feathers did not swear any more; he threw away his pipe and tobacco, and would not drink the "fire water." He now spent most of his time telling his people about Jesus.

The news of what had happened spread far and wide, and the chiefs of other tribes came to find out for themselves what was the truth of the matter.

One day Chief White Feathers arrived, and was introduced to Chief Red Feathers.

"Tell me," said Chief White Feathers, "what is this that I have heard of you? Have you indeed agreed to worship the white man's God?"

"It is true," replied Chief Red Feathers; and then and there he began to explain to Chief White Feathers all that he knew of Jesus and His love for Red Indians.

Chief White Feathers was puzzled.

"No, no," he said. "It is no good teaching. I don't understand."

But Chief Red Feathers was determined that his friend should believe in Jesus as he did.

"Come here," he said, "and I will show you."

Chief Red Feathers led the way into an open space in the woods. Then he started to pick up small pieces of dry wood, which he placed in the form of a circle about a yard across.

When the circle of wood was completed, he went a little way off and began digging in the ground. Finding a worm, he picked it up and placed it in the center of his circle. Then he set fire to the wood, and stood back.

Chief White Feathers was more puzzled than ever.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Wait but a moment," said Chief Red Feathers, "and you will understand."

The wood, being very dry, burned fiercely, and it was not long before the worm felt the heat. Sensing danger, it began to seek a way out, but in vain.

When the fire was at its hottest and it seemed as though the worm was doomed to be scorched to death, Chief Red Feathers jumped forward, put his arm through the flames and brought out the worm to safety.

"Now," he said, "that is just what Jesus has done for me. I should have been burned up for all the wicked things I have done, but Jesus died to save me from the fire and to let me live forever."

"I see, I see," said Chief White Feathers. "Now I understand."

Very happy, he at once asked Chief Red Feathers to send a missionary over to his people to teach them the wonderful story of the love of God.

*"I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know;
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so!"*

How Tommy Opened the Windows of Heaven

OTHER called, "Tommy!"

No answer.

"Tommy, I want you."

"I'm busy," called a six-year-old voice from the garden.

Mother went out to see what Tommy was doing, and found him lying on his back on the grass.

"I thought you said you were busy," said mother.

"So I am," said Tommy.

"Why, what are you doing?"

"I'm watching to see the windows of heaven open."

Mother tried hard not to smile.

"But why are you watching?" she asked.

"Well, you see, teacher told us that if we gave our pennies to the missionaries or to help poor people, Jesus would open the windows of heaven and send them back to us. So I gave my bright new dime to poor little Doreen yesterday, and I'm just waiting for it to come back."

For a moment mother did not know what to say to this.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "teacher was quite right in what she said, but I don't think she meant that the money would drop down again from the sky."

"But the Bible says so, I know it does, for teacher read it to us yesterday," said Tommy firmly.

"Let's go and see," said mother.

Interested, Tommy jumped up and went indoors. Mother found a Bible, and turned to the third chapter of Malachi and read the verse that had so impressed Tommy's mind.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"There you are; I told you so," said Tommy.

"Yes," said mother, "but shall I tell you just what those words really mean?"

"All right."

"They mean that if we give back to Jesus one tenth (a tithe) of all that we receive, and give it cheerfully because we love Him, He will supply all our needs and give us back—as one translation puts it—'enough and enough and more than enough.' Somehow He will see to it that we never want for any good thing, and He will return to us all that we give away and more besides. Not that the money will come down from the skies; but in one way or another it will surely return."

"I see," said Tommy, with a note of disappointment in his voice. "But what if you give everything you've got and not just a tenth, as I did yesterday?"

"Then," said mother, "you will get so much the more back again. God never likes to owe anybody anything. And if you really gave your dime away out of love for Jesus and the poor, I am quite sure that you will see it again, and more besides. Of course, you must not expect it at once, because sometimes Jesus likes to see how patient we are; but wait awhile, and see what happens."

Tommy waited. Days passed, and the windows of heaven did not open. In fact, Tommy began to wish that he had held on to his dime. A little boy's patience, you know, does not last very long.

Then one afternoon the gentleman who lived next door asked Tommy if he would like to help him rake up the leaves in his garden, for it was autumn time. Tommy was very glad to do it, even though, like most little boys, he didn't like to do it in his own garden.

He worked very hard, and when the job was done the gentleman handed him twenty-five cents, saying that he was the best workman he had employed for a long time.

"Mamma! Mamma!" shouted Tommy, as he ran back into his own house. "He gave me a whole quarter! The dime has come back again after all!"

"Yes," said mamma, "the windows of heaven have been opened at last."

And then and there Tommy put aside his tithe, knowing that the windows of heaven would open for him again later on.

How Lazy Laurie Became Mother's Helper



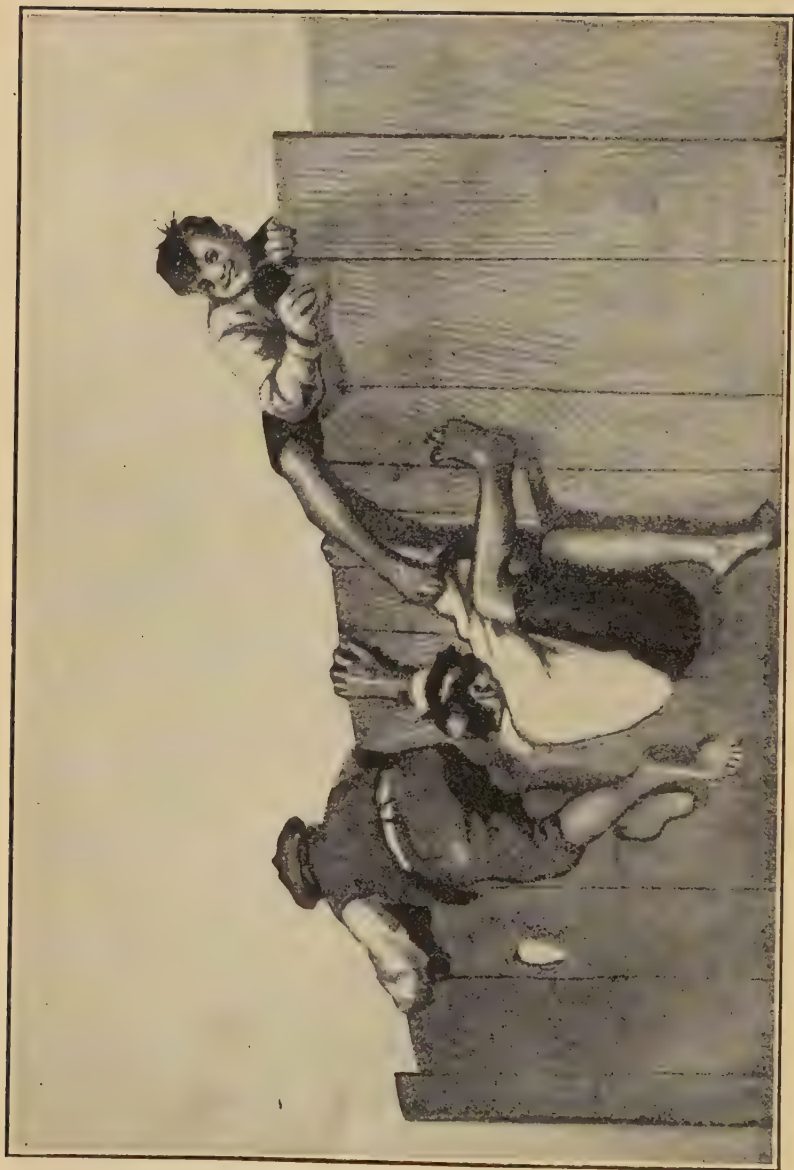
WOULDN'T like to say out loud that Laurie was lazy, because probably he would be very much offended; and I don't like to offend anybody. But I am afraid that was the truth.

No matter what it was that you asked Laurie to do, he would invariably reply, "I can't." For every job he seemed to have an excuse. If you asked him to bring in a scuttle of coal, he would say, "I can't; it's too heavy." Or if you asked him to go on an errand, he would say, "I can't; I'm too tired." Perhaps you would ask him to wipe the dishes. Then he would say, "I can't; that's a girl's job."

Of course, there was nothing at all in any of his excuses, and I am quite sure that the real trouble with Laurie was just pure laziness. You see, he said "I can't" only when there was work to be done. He never said it at playtime or when his chum came to the door and asked him to go bicycling or to play ball. Then it was always, "All right, I won't be a tick."

Laurie's mother told him many a time that it wasn't fair that he never helped the least bit in the work of the home and yet was so ready to run off and play. But Laurie was just the same as ever the next day, and all mother had said did not seem to make any difference. But one day mother had a bright idea.

The next morning Laurie stayed in bed so long that he was late for school. Usually mother would call him in good time, only to be answered by a dozy, "I



Laurie was never lazy when "fun" was concerned.

can't get up; I'm sleepy." This morning mother let Laurie get up when he liked; and that was very late indeed. He was cross when he came downstairs, and wanted to have his breakfast immediately. But there was none for him.

"Why didn't you get my breakfast?" he asked.

"I can't," said mother with a curious smile, "I'm so tired."

Very angry, Laurie ran off to school without any breakfast. He was so late that he received two demerit marks, which made him crosser still.

On the way home he climbed a fence with some other boys and, coming down, found himself hooked on to a rusty nail. He managed to get down at last, but left part of his trousers on the top of the fence. When he got home, he wanted mother to mend them at once.

"I can't," said mother. "I'm too busy."

"And have I got to go to school like this?" asked Laurie, pointing to the hole in his trousers.

"I'm afraid so," said mother, and go he had to, greatly to the amusement of the other boys.

When Laurie got back from school, of course he wanted his supper at once, for he had not had much to eat that day. But there was nothing on the table. He was greatly surprised, for he had been used to finding everything ready for him.

"You haven't got the supper ready," he said to mother.

"No," said mother, quite disinterested. "I can't. I'm tired, and the dinner dishes aren't washed yet."

"But I want to go out to play directly after supper," said Laurie.

"All right," said mother, not stirring from her armchair, and looking back at the book she was reading, "I don't mind."

"But aren't you going to get me any supper?"

"I can't; I'm tired."

Laurie stormed out of the house and slammed the door. But as he was going down the street, he began to think things over. Perhaps mother *was* tired after all. Maybe she really did need some one to help her. Perhaps she really was too tired to get her own supper ready.

Laurie stopped. He thought of the game of ball that he was going to enjoy and then of his little mother sitting at home too tired to get her own supper ready. He began to feel sorry that he had been so cross. He would go back.

Peeping through the kitchen window, Laurie saw that mother had gone to sleep in her armchair. At once he realized that this was his opportunity to make things right. At heart he was really a good boy, even though he had that very strong tendency to laziness where work was concerned.

Creeping into the kitchen on tiptoe, he washed up the dishes as silently as he could, and then, still more quietly, crept into the dining room and laid the table. To be quite frank, this was the first time for many months that Laurie had laid the table, but he made a splendid job of it. He put out all the nicest things he could find, brought in some flowers from the garden, and, altogether, made the table look as though some one extra-special was coming in.

Then he noticed that he had forgotten to bring in the butter dish, and went to fetch it. Unfortunately

it was a little greasy, and it slipped out of his hands, falling with a crash upon the floor.

Mother awoke and jumped out of her chair as though something dreadful had happened. She had been dreaming about Laurie, and the noise had come just as he had been getting into trouble. But her fears were turned to joy as she realized what Laurie had done.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "who would have believed it!"

They had a lovely meal together, and mother never said a word about the broken butter dish. Laurie was so happy that he determined that he really would help mother more after this.

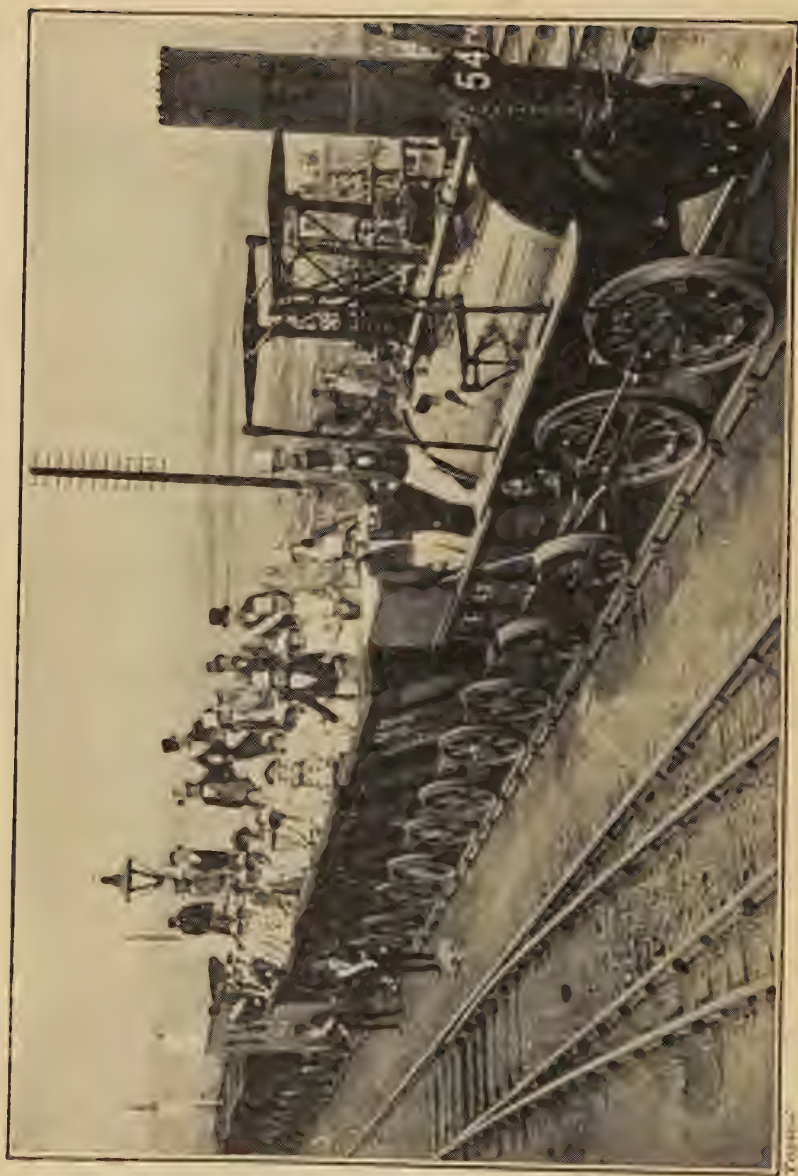
Just as they were finishing supper, there was a knock at the door, and a boy's voice called out, "Come on, Laurie, we're all waiting for you."

"Sorry I can't come," said Laurie. "I'm going to help mother this evening."

But mother overheard, and she came running to the door.

"It's all right, Laurie, this time. You can help me to-morrow."

Overjoyed, Laurie ran off, and my! that was the best game of ball he ever played.



This is how people dressed and traveled a hundred years ago. Stephenson's old engine being used again during the Railway Centenary, 1925.

PART II—HISTORICAL STORIES

The Story of Trains

The Growth of the Great Iron Horse

NOW easy and convenient it is for us to travel about nowadays! Of course I know that sometimes the trains are crowded and sometimes they do not arrive on time; but, really, taking everything into consideration, aren't we much better off than the people who lived a hundred years or so ago? Those who lived in the country had to stay in the country. There were no seaside holidays for them, unless they were rich. And if they lived at the seaside, they had to stay there; for there were no trains to take them into the country.

Suppose there were no trains to-day! Of course it would save us a lot of worry trying to catch them; but, really, it would be very awkward, after all. We know something of what it would be like because in some parts of the world there have been railway strikes, when all the men who work the engines and pull the signals down stopped work. But a hundred years ago the whole country was just like that the whole time—not a locomotive to be seen anywhere.

The fact is that just over a hundred years ago nobody knew how to make a steam engine properly. A man by the name of George Stephenson had the idea in his mind, and was trying to work it out, but that is as far as the locomotive had advanced.

It was in the year 1814, the year before the Battle of Waterloo, when Stephenson was only thirty-three years old, that he made his first engine. He called it the "Blucher," and it succeeded in hauling a train of eight loaded cars, weighing thirty tons, at a speed of four miles an hour.

Every year after that saw improvements and an increase in power and speed. In 1825 a railway line was laid between Stockton and Darlington, England, and while at first the managers thought they would have the coaches pulled by horses, Stephenson persuaded them to use his locomotives. The first train on this railway was composed of thirty-four cars, weighing in all ninety tons. It started off at about ten miles an hour, and even reached fifteen miles an hour, which was a terrific speed in those days. Indeed, the people were so scared about it that a signalman on horseback was sent in front of the engine to make sure no one would get run over!

Three weeks after this line was opened, a regular daily passenger service was started, the fare being one shilling (about twenty-five cents). Each passenger was allowed to carry only fourteen pounds of baggage.

Four years later, in 1829, the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, whose line was then under construction, offered a prize of \$2,500 for the best locomotive. There were three entries, Stephenson's "Rocket" and two others. These latter two broke down during the trials, but the "Rocket" drew a train weighing thirteen tons thirty-five miles in forty-eight minutes, an average speed of nearly forty-four miles an hour. This was the quickest that men had ever traveled up to that time.

So successful was this line between Liverpool and Manchester that numerous other railways were soon commenced all over the country. By 1840, there were 1,331 miles of track laid down. For the next ten years there was a railway mania, and by the year 1850 over 6,600 miles were laid. During the next fifty years this increased to 21,855 miles. To-day it is much more than that.

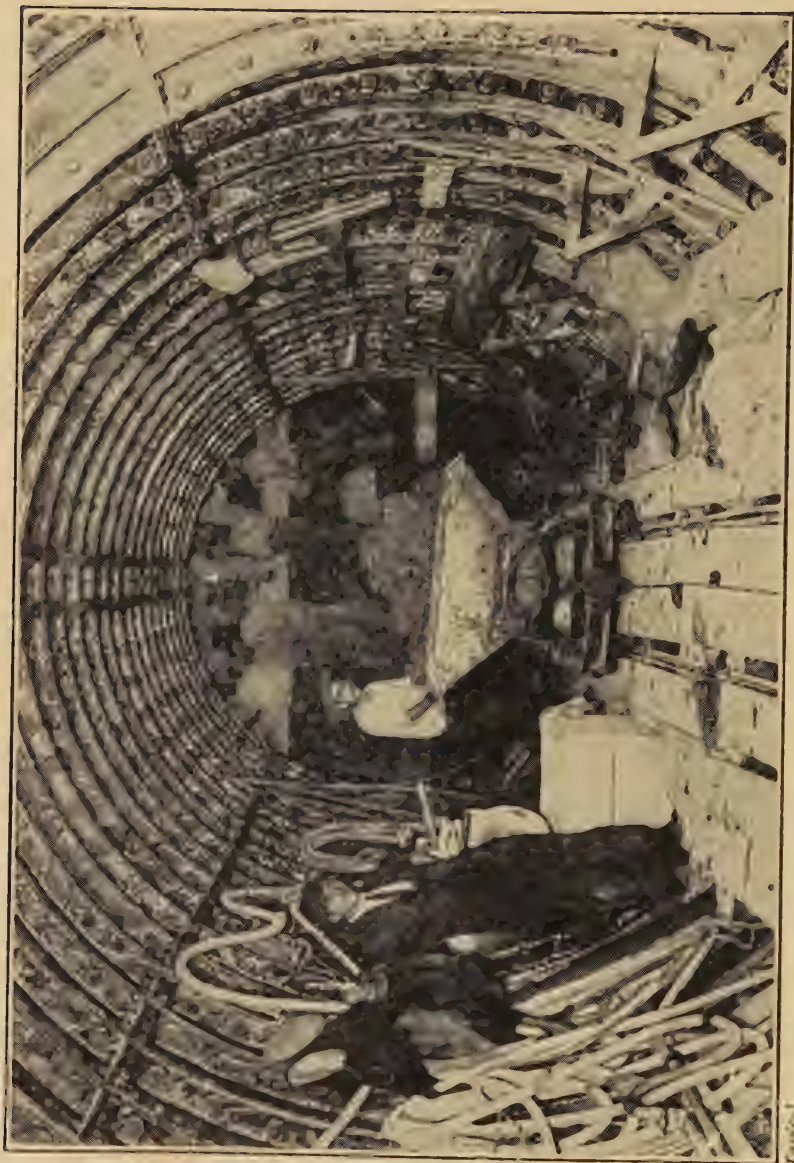
In the United States a railway was started in 1826, the engines for it being brought over from England. Canada, however, had no railways until 1853. Most of the countries of Europe had some working by that time, but Turkey and Greece delayed until 1860 and 1869. Africa's first railway (1856) was from Alexandria to Cairo; Asia's (1853) from Bombay to Tannah; Australia's, a line in Victoria in 1854.

Nowadays there are some very long railways in existence. The Canadian Pacific, for instance, runs right across the American continent, a distance of 2,906 miles. But the longest of all in the world is the Trans-Siberian Railway from Leningrad to Vladivostok, nearly 6,000 miles.

SUBWAYS, OR "TUBES"

So much for the trains that run on the surface of the earth. How about those that run underground? Who planned and started them? And how long have they been there?

Nobody thought of making subways until people began to crowd into the great cities. When it became clear that the busses and "trams," or street cars, of London could not possibly carry all the people who wanted to travel about the city, somebody struck upon



Typical

How underground railways are made. Digging out the earth.

the idea of diverting some of the traffic underground. In the year 1853 the first underground railway was commenced from Edgware Road to King's Cross.

In those days people did not know how to make tunnels as well as they do nowadays, so the way they built the greater part of that first "tube" was like this: Along the route that the railway was to follow, a wide, deep trench was dug, then the sides and roof of the tunnel were built of brick, after which earth was filled in and the surface of the ground restored. Streets and houses were then built on top.

Thirty-three years later another "tube" was started, which came to be known as the "City and South London Railway." The builder, whose name was Greathead, introduced a new method of construction, which enabled him to cut a circular hole ten feet in diameter at a depth of forty to eighty feet below the surface. In this method a "shield" is employed, which holds up the earth during excavation, gives room for the building of the permanent walls, and is pushed forward as the digging proceeds. With this method, there was, of course, no interference with the surface of the streets during construction, except at the shafts, which were sunk where it was expected that stations would be located afterwards.

The cars on this line were so shaped as to fit closely to the size of the tunnel, it being expected that the trains would act as pistons, driving the stale air in front of them up the station shaft ahead, and drawing fresh air down the shaft behind. Experience proved, however, that this did not happen, the stale air remaining and keeping out the fresh. Anyone who traveled

on that railway before it was remodeled recently will remember the strange musty smell that pervaded it.

Many other "tubes" have since been constructed, and the foundations of London are now literally honeycombed with underground railways. Glasgow, New York, Paris, and other cities also have them. Some of the companies at first used steam engines to draw the trains; but steam and smoke underground were too much for the passengers. Fortunately for them, all these lines have now been electrified.

Building "tubes" is a very costly business, much more so than building railways above ground. The deep tunnels cost on an average at least \$1,000,000 a mile, and the "cut and cover" method of the Metropolitan Railway reached as high as \$5,000,000 a mile, where large buildings had to be supported and a network of drains and sewers readjusted.

The only reason why we can travel on these railways so cheaply is because of the vast number of people carried. Hundreds of thousands of people cross and recross London every day "underground;" and if they each pay only four cents, the total amount is a large one, covering more than the cost of upkeep, and giving something toward paying off the enormous amounts spent in building.

We have become so used to railways above ground and underground that we treat them as a matter of course, thinking nothing of all the labor and expense involved in building them, nor of the great convenience they are to us. But, really, when you come to think of it, it is wonderful that we should be able to travel almost anywhere so easily and so cheaply.

Just think how surprised and pleased Daniel and old King Nebuchadnezzar would be if they could wake up this evening and ride in the "Overland Limited," between San Francisco and Chicago! Wouldn't they just rub their eyes! Imagine them going down the stairs at Lower Manhattan, entering a subway train, and in a few moments coming up at Jersey City, on the other side of the Hudson River! I think Daniel would begin to think that his prophecy was being fulfilled about men running "to and fro" and knowledge being increased in the last days. (Daniel 12:4.)

And that makes me think of Isaiah, another prophet. He said that one day "every valley" would be exalted, and "every mountain and hill" would be made low, that the crooked places would be made straight, and the rough places plain. Just think of his traveling over the great iron roads of the world for hundreds of thousands of miles, across valleys and through mountains, upon a straight, smooth surface! Don't you think he would see in this the fulfillment of his prophecy, especially when he knew that every year millions of copies of the Bible and thousands of missionaries were being carried upon these railways to the very ends of the earth to make known "the glory of the Lord"? Isaiah 40:3-5.

Truly this is the most wonderful time in all the history of the world. Children of to-day are more blessed than those of any other age. Don't you think we should be the happiest people who ever lived?



Topical

The S. S. "Majestic" being towed into Southampton harbor by two
little tugs

The Story of Ships

From the Log Boat to the "Majestic"

T IS hard to imagine the time when there were no steamships, and harder still to picture the days when there were no ships or boats of any kind. But there certainly was such a time as that, long, long ago.

Who was the first to build a boat? Nobody knows. True, Noah built the first large house boat, but there were probably many others before him who made boats of various kinds. Perhaps Adam built a canoe to sail on the rivers around the garden of Eden. Who knows?

It is generally supposed that the first boat ever made was a shaped tree log—that is, a piece of a tree with the ends pointed, astride which the sailor sat and propelled himself with a paddle of some kind. Boats of this kind are still to be seen on the northwest coast of Australia. As you may imagine, however, they are rather dangerous, as logs have a tendency to roll whether there is anyone sitting on them or not. Another danger presents itself in the South Seas, for there sharks abound, and dangling legs are a source of temptation to them.

The next step in boat construction was to lash several logs together and so make a raft or catamaran. Many such rafts are still used by the natives of New Guinea and other East Indian islands.

Then some one thought of hollowing out a tree trunk, and so making a more buoyant vessel. This was done either by carefully burning out the center of the log or by patiently digging it out with crude instru-

ments. Following the dugouts, came canoes made of skins stretched on a framework of wood, and others made from the bark of trees, fastened together with fibers of vegetable growth. The next development was to saw trees into planks, and nail the planks on to a firm wooden framework.

When boat building had reached this stage, rapid increases in size and carrying power became possible. Records tell us that the Egyptians, over four thousand years ago, made ships of considerable size, carrying as many as twenty-six oarsmen.

Another ancient people, the Phœnicians, did much to improve the ship. They invented the "bireme" and "trireme"—vessels with two and three rows of oars one above the other, and these were able to carry large cargoes to all parts of the Mediterranean.

Then centuries passed by with little or no change in the method of building ships, with the exception that sails gradually took the place of oars. Oars, however, were still in use on quite large vessels as late as the end of the eighteenth century. They were last used in battle at Lepanto, in 1571.

It was the invention of gunpowder that brought about the greatest changes in shipbuilding during the Middle Ages. The desire to carry many heavy guns made necessary considerable alterations both inside and outside—the hull had to be strengthened to withstand the explosions, and more masts and sails were needed to increase speed. Large ships were now built. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, vessels of 1,600 tons were constructed, carrying many guns and about 700 passengers. Some as large as this were used in the Spanish Armada, which the king of Spain sent

to conquer the people of England. You remember the wonderful story of how the Lord "blew with His winds and they were scattered."

The next important step in ship construction was the use of iron in the building of the hull. The change from wood to iron, however, proceeded very slowly. Objections to it were heard on all sides.

For one thing, there was a strong national prejudice against the substitution of iron for the "Wooden Walls of Old England." Some people argued that iron, because of its weight, could not be expected to float. Others said that a ship of this material would be easily holed if it bumped on a shore, and that, in any case, the mass of iron would affect the compass.

Experience proved that only the last objection was of any importance. For a time this proved a serious problem to the advocates of the iron ship, for the metal did, indeed, upset the compass. Men set to work upon this difficulty, however, and at last so arranged the steering gear that it was unaffected by the material of which the ship was made.

The first iron boat was made in the year 1777, and launched on the River Foss in Yorkshire, England. Iron was not, however, recognized material for ship construction until 1818, when the lighter "Vulcan" was built on the Monkland Canal, Glasgow, Scotland.

Two years later, the first iron steamship, the "Aaron Manby," was built and employed in a regular service between London and Paris.

When iron ships were first introduced, there was considerable difference of opinion as to whether they would last as long as the wooden ships. Eight years was at one time considered the average life of a



A "trireme"—an ancient vessel with three banks of oars

wooden vessel, but, of course, iron ships last much longer than that.

Many wooden vessels, however, have lasted longer than eight years. There are some sailing the seas to-day that were built prior to 1840. About the oldest in existence is the famous "Victory." This wonderful ship was commenced as long ago as 1759, being launched in 1765. She had thus been built forty years before she took part in the Battle of Trafalgar. To-day she is in dry dock at Portsmouth, England, where she will be preserved as a lasting memorial of those days of long ago.

STEAMSHIPS

Steamships certainly deserve a section all to themselves. Their development makes a most interesting story, the more remarkable because, as with railways, it has all taken place during the past century.

Some experiments had been made with steam for propelling ships before the end of the eighteenth century, but it was not until the opening of the nineteenth that rapid progress was made. In 1801 the "Charlotte Dundas," one of the earliest steamships, was constructed in Scotland by a man named Symington. It was used for towing barges on canals.

About that time Robert Fulton was experimenting in France. As early as 1793, he had conceived the idea of driving boats by steam, but it was not until 1803 that he built his first successful steamer, a boat which sailed on the River Seine.

After going to Scotland and viewing Symington's vessel, he went to the United States. There he found that a man named Robert R. Livingston had been

having considerable success with small steamers, and that as far back as 1798 he had been given "the exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York State with steam vessels."

Fulton associated himself with Livingston, and together they built the "Clermont," in 1807. So popular did this steamer become that, at the end of her second season, it was found impossible to care for the crowds that came to take passage in her.

Meanwhile much progress was being made in England. In 1814 there were five steamboats on the Thames. Two years later the first steamboat braved the channel, running from Brighton to Havre. All these, by the way, were built of wood; the first iron steamship did not appear until 1820.

The first steam-driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was the "Savannah," which ran from Savannah, Georgia, to Liverpool in twenty-five days, using both steam and sails. That was in 1819. Six years later, the "Enterprise" covered the 11,450 miles from London to Calcutta, by way of the Cape, in 103 days, a wonderful feat in those times.

The year 1838 witnessed the crossing of the Atlantic by the steamships "Sirius" and "Great Western." The "Sirius" was the first steamer to cross from England to the States. So alarmed did the passengers become on the way down the channel—perhaps at the throbbing of the engine—that most of them left the ship at Cork, Ireland. Only six went on.

Now all these steamers were driven by paddle wheels, like those you still see running between the piers of seaside resorts.

The "screw" idea was first thought of about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was developed by Ericsson of America and F. P. Smith of England. By 1850 several ships in the American navy were driven by screw propellers. Her mercantile marine, however, clung to the old paddle-wheel system for years afterwards.

For a long time there was conflict between the "screw-ites" and the "paddle-wheel-ites" in England. One of the most important factors in settling the controversy occurred in 1846. The Admiralty built two ships of the same pattern, and fitted one, the "Rattler," with a screw propeller, and the other, the "Alecto," with paddle wheels. The two were tested at sea, and the "Rattler" proved the faster vessel. That the test might be quite conclusive, the two ships were secured stern to stern and both were ordered to go "full steam ahead." To the dismay of the men aboard the "Alecto," the "Rattler" towed them away at a speed of two and a half knots an hour. By the way, the original propeller used by the "Rattler" may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

From that time on the screw propeller became more and more in favor with shipbuilders, and to-day the paddle wheel is considered quite out of date.

The adoption of the propeller and the invention of powerful engines to drive it have transformed the whole shipping industry. Vessels are now made larger and swifter than ever before. In the navies of the different nations there are ships that are heavily covered with steel plates and weighing tens of thousands of tons apiece, and yet these ships are being driven through the water at nearly forty miles an hour.

Or look at the huge passenger steamers, the "Majestic" and the "Leviathan," both over 56,000 tons, and yet able to cross the Atlantic in five days. The "Majestic" is nearly one thousand feet long,—956 feet, to be exact,—100 feet broad, and 102 feet high from keel to boat deck. Its rudder alone weighs 140 tons. Its engines develop 100,000 horse power, and are driven by oil. On board are three wireless stations, keeping the ship in constant touch with land. To feed the thousands of people she carries, she must take for each voyage, among other things, 48,000 eggs, 26,000 pounds of vegetables, and 8,000 quarts of milk.

What a change from the days of the log boat! How far we have left behind the rowboats of Rome and Greece and even the wooden ships of the time of Drake and Nelson. Yet it all happened in a century, and the most rapid changes have taken place within the memory of the fathers and mothers of to-day.

And we, children, have been born to this wonderful heritage. Into our hands have been placed these mighty ships, these powerful engines, this marvelous wireless, and a thousand other inventions. What shall we do with all this power? There will come to us more and still more of it as we grow up. How shall we use it? Some will want to use it to wage war and destroy their fellows; but surely the best use of all would be to spread the gospel of peace and to make known the saving grace of Jesus to all nations of the world.

This is the very purpose for which all these wonderful things have been invented. They are here because the hour has come when the name of Jesus is to be glorified in all the earth. Our lives should be devoted to the completion of this beautiful purpose of God.

The Story of Balloons and Airplanes

OMEWHERE in the heart of man there has always lurked a desire to fly like the birds. I expect you have felt like that sometimes, haven't you? At any rate King David did, for once he said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove!"

Long before airplanes were thought of, many people made all sorts of attempts to fly. Usually they attached large wings to their arms and then jumped off some high wall or hillside in the hope that by moving their arms as they descended they would be able to fly. Needless to say, all of these early attempts ended in failure.

One man, an Italian alchemist, who lived about the close of the sixteenth century, undertook to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle to France. He climbed on the castle wall, fixed his wings on his shoulders, and jumped off. But he reached earth sooner than he expected, and broke his thigh bone. When asked to explain his failure, he said it was because "the wings he employed contained some fowls' feathers, which had an affinity for the dunghill, whereas if they had been composed solely of eagles' feathers they would have been attracted to the air"! Of course that was all foolishness, and he did not attempt the flight a second time.

Some very curious ideas were held in those early days about the principle of flying, and very strange plans were suggested to enable heavy bodies to rise.

Not a few argued that if the "thin, ethereal fluid," which they believed to exist above the atmosphere,

could be inclosed in some hollow box, that would solve the problem. Of course the main difficulty was how to get up and obtain the fluid.

A man named Lauretus Laurus actually taught that hens' eggs filled with dew would rise, because—as was believed in those days—the dew was shed by the stars and drawn up to heaven again in the daytime!

Those ideas seem very funny to us nowadays, but they show how far men would go in their desperate search for the secret of flight.

In the year 1782 two brothers named Montgolfier, living at Annonay, near Lyons, France, hit upon a bright idea. They had been watching the movement of the clouds, and it suddenly occurred to them that if they could inclose something like a cloud in a large, light bag, it might rise and carry the bag with it into the air.

Accordingly, they prepared a suitable bag and held it over the fire until it was filled with smoke. To their surprise and delight, the bag rose into the air. Of course, they thought it was the smoke that raised the bag; and it was not until some time afterwards that it was recognized that it was the heated air and not the smoke that worked the “miracle” for them.

Over and over again the two brothers tried their experiment, until, at last, encouraged by their success, they decided to make a very large balloon, and have a public ascent. On the 5th of June, 1783, they took their balloon into a wide open space, and inflated it over a fire. When released, it rose rapidly to a great height, remaining in the air about ten minutes, and descending a mile and a half away.

The onlookers were thrilled with excitement, and the news of the discovery spread far and wide. A public subscription was taken up to pay the expense of repeating the experiment.

THE FIRST FLIERS

The first aërial travelers were a sheep, a cock, and a duck. Inclosed in a cage and attached to one of the Montgolfiers' balloons, they ascended in the presence of the king and queen of France on the 19th of September, 1783. They remained in the air at a considerable height for eight minutes, and after descending were found to be none the worse for the experience, except that the right wing of the cock had been hurt by the sheep.

It was nearly a month after this that the first human being made an ascent. This was a Frenchman named Rozier, who trusted himself to a captive balloon on the 15th of October, 1783. He repeated the experiment several times, and demonstrated that it was possible to take a fire up with the balloon to keep it inflated. By the 21st of November he had developed enough confidence to risk going up in a free fire balloon, in which he drifted about for some time and descended without mishap.

The craze for "ballooning" spread from France to England, where the first balloon sent up was about ten feet in diameter and filled with hydrogen gas. It was inflated in London on November 25, 1783.

Early in the following year, a balloon just half this size was sent up in Kent, and chanced to be the first one to cross the English Channel, being blown as far as Warneton in French Flanders.



The famous airship, "R-33," returning to Pulham after breaking away from the mooring mast, April 17, 1925

It appears that no person ascended from British soil until another six months after this, and the first one to do so was a Mr. Tytler, who went up in a fire balloon from Edinburgh.

While Mr. Tytler was experimenting in Scotland, a man named Vincent Lunardi was preparing for a personal ascent in London. His balloon was the talk of England, and excitement ran high in the metropolis. An immense crowd assembled to watch the ascent, which went off successfully.

Lunardi himself tells some humorous stories about the event. His passengers were a pigeon, a dog, and a cat. The balloon itself was fitted with oars, with which he hoped to guide it. The pigeon escaped, and one of the oars broke off on the upward journey. A lady, seeing the oar falling, and thinking it was Lunardi, collapsed from shock, and died shortly afterwards.

At the time of the ascent, a court was in session, trying an important case; but when the cry was raised that the balloon was in sight, a verdict of "Not guilty" was hastily given, and the jury rushed out to see the sight. The king was in a conference with his ministers at the time, but the discussion was immediately broken up when the balloon appeared.

Crossing the English Channel for the first time proved an exciting experience for the two pioneers, Dr. Jeffries and M. Blanchard. They left Dover on the 7th of January, 1785. When about a third of the way across, they found themselves descending, and threw out every available article. The balloon rose, but again began to descend, while there was still a quarter of the distance to be covered. Nearing the water, they decided to strip and throw out their

clothes. This was done, and the balloon again rising, they were carried this time over the French coast, descending later in the Forest of Guinnes, nearly frozen but triumphant. Their fame was noised abroad and, among other rewards, they were presented with the freedom of Calais.

Since those early days, some very large balloons have been constructed. In 1836 one that was sent up from London traveled 500 miles and landed at Nassau in Germany, after a flight of eighteen hours. It became known as the Nassau balloon, and after being brought back to England was used for several ascents.

The ascent of a small cottage attached to a huge balloon was one of the much-talked-of events of 1863. Two stories high and made of wickerwork, the cottage contained "a small printing office, a photographic department, a refreshment room, lavatory, etc.," according to the official report.

Thirteen persons occupied the miniature house, and a large stock of provision was taken up in anticipation of a long voyage. The voyage, however, proved remarkably short. They went up at seven o'clock and came down at nine, an accident happening to the valve line.

Fourteen days later, however, another ascent was made, and this time the balloon stayed up for seventeen hours and traveled over 400 miles. Descending, however, it was caught in a strong wind and dragged over the ground for eighteen miles, all the occupants of the car being injured.

DIRIGIBLES

From the day that balloons were invented, men began to think of means for propelling them through

the air so that they would not be at the mercy of the wind.

All sorts of paddles and oars were taken up, but to no purpose. Even light steam engines were used to drive propellers, but they were too dangerous, a spark from the fire being enough to blow the gas-filled balloon to pieces. One inventor, as late as 1872, took up as many as eight laborers to turn a propeller for him, but he was unable to travel against the wind, although he managed to keep himself from being blown straight before it.

It was the invention of the gasoline motor that finally solved the problem of propelling balloons in the air. These motors combine great power with comparative lightness, and so are most suitable for such work. First attempts with them were not all crowned with success, however, and there were several serious accidents. A gasoline motor taken up by a Dr. Wolfert in 1897 caused an explosion, and the balloon fell, with fatal results to the doctor.

Count Zeppelin commenced his experiments in the year 1897. His plan was to make an elongated balloon supported by an aluminum framework, and driven by motors. His first invention was tested in 1900, when it flew three and a half miles in about ten minutes. Improvements followed, and how successful Zeppelins became we know from the long distances they were able to fly during the war.

Other large and powerful airships have been built in recent years. We are all familiar with the famous "R-34," which crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. Not long ago, too, the German-built "ZR-3" flew from Lake Constance to New York, a distance of

5,000 miles, in a little over eighty hours. Plans are on foot for the building of even more powerful airships. They are, however, very costly to construct, and they will always have serious rivals in the monster airplanes now being built.

AIRPLANES

The progress that has been made recently in the construction of these heavier-than-air machines is really most remarkable. Twenty years ago there was not an air machine of this kind in existence that could rise with its own power and carry a man with it. It was not, indeed, until Santos Dumont in 1906 made his large box kite—for that is what it resembled—and fitted it with a gasoline engine, that the first real airplane made a successful flight.

Of course, there had been many experiments before this time, and scores of flying models had been made by inventors during the nineteenth century. The screw propeller was suggested as far back as 1768. Strange, isn't it, that so many years passed before success with it was achieved?

The great trouble was the lack of a powerful motor light enough to be carried up with the machine. Steam engines were employed, but always without success, the weight of boiler, water, and fuel being far too great. Almost immediately after the gasoline engine had been invented, flying enthusiasts seized upon it as the long-looked-for solution of their difficulty. The gasoline motor was really the secret of Santos Dumont's success, as it was of the Wright Brothers' in America.

With this primary difficulty overcome, great strides were immediately made in airplane construc-

tion and achievement. In the year 1910 the London *Daily Mail* offered a prize of \$50,000 to the first airman to fly from London to Manchester. It was won by M. Paulhan.

During the war it was discovered how valuable an asset the airplane could be both in attack and in defense, and this led to very rapid progress in its development.

To-day there are machines that can fly the Atlantic and travel without mishap to Australia. Regular mail services are maintained across a very large section of the earth's surface, and more and more the airplane is being used instead of ships and railways for the transportation of goods.

And the end is not yet. In a little while airplanes will probably be as common as motor cycles. Perhaps boys and girls will be able to have them as they have scooters and kiddie cars, and fly to school in them! Then there will be no trouble about where to spend the holidays, and how to get there. You will be able to start when you like and go where you like, provided only that you don't bump into anyone else on the way! Won't that be fun?



Jesus knocking at the door

PART III—BIBLE STORIES

The Three Knocks

HAVE you ever heard the story of the three knocks? No? It's quite a long story, made up of three short ones. The first knock is the knock on father's door by the little boy or girl who has been naughty and is sorry for it.

I know a little boy and a little girl, who live not very far from me. Like most boys and girls, they are usually good, but sometimes naughty. Perhaps the boy is asked to put his toys away and help tidy up the kitchen. He doesn't want to. With a grumpy growl, he says, "Shan't!" and runs away where he thinks he will get out of doing the job. But after a while he begins to feel out in the cold and lonely. He is really sorry he was so disobedient, but doesn't just know what to say or do.

Presently his daddy hears a very faint tap on his study door. He knows what it is. However busy he may be, he opens the door at once, for it is Boy come to say he's sorry.

It's just the same with the little girl. Of course little girls never should be quarrelsome or rude, but then sometimes they are. Then they put on those queer little faces, so cross and glum that they must surely repel the angels. After a while, though, they seem to get over it, and feel very sorry that they ever did anything so naughty.

Again the quiet tap on that daddy's door; the door is opened, a little voice says, "I'm sorry," and all is well again.

I think that is what Jesus meant when He said: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." However naughty we have been, we can always come back in prayer to the door of heaven and be sure it will be opened by a loving and forgiving Father immediately when we knock. That is the first knock.

* * * * *

Now about the second knock. It is the knock of Jesus on the door of our hearts. Although we like to think of Him sometimes as living up in heaven with all the angels around Him, yet it is just as true that He is here with us on earth. To every boy and girl, He comes at some time or other and says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Revelation 3:20.

Think of Jesus inviting Himself to supper! Yet that is just what He loves to do. And sometimes He comes so unexpectedly; you never know when He may call. So it's really best to leave the door ajar and tell Him to come any time He likes. And when He comes, what a wonderful change He will make in us! Of course we shall never be naughty, for we shall not want Him to see us that way. Instead, we shall be so very happy because He will bring with Him the joy and the music and the fragrance of heaven. How much we are missing by keeping the door shut! Perhaps He is knocking at the door of your heart just now. Listen!

* * * * *

That is the second knock; now we come to the third. And this story is about the knock that comes too late.



S. W. P.

Before the door was shut

Have you ever been sent down to the post office in the evening and arrived about five minutes past six? Didn't it make you feel sorry that you had not walked a little faster so that you could have got there before it closed? It is particularly hard when you reach a

store just after the shutters have been pulled down and the door locked. You have to go home feeling so sorry for yourself, don't you?

It was much worse than that, however, in the days of Noah, about which I am now going to tell you.

At that time the people of the world had become so very wicked that God said He would have to destroy them all unless they changed and got better. But they grew worse and worse, until finally God told Noah that He was going to send down a flood of water upon the earth that would drown every living thing. Noah was instructed to build a ship that would be large enough to hold himself and family, some of all the different kinds of animals and birds, and any of the people who wished to come in.

But the people only laughed at Noah. They said there never could be a flood because there never yet had been any rain upon the earth. They would not listen to what he had to say about the coming judgment of God, and went on in their wicked ways as though nothing were going to happen.

Meanwhile Noah completed his ship, brought in his own family, gathered in the animals that God had told him to fetch, and finally, after one last appeal to the people, went in himself. That night the Lord shut him in. So securely did He fasten the door that no one could get out and no one could get in.

For seven days they remained like that, and nothing happened. The people laughed and jeered at Noah and asked one another what he could be doing up in that great big boat with so many hundreds of animals. Probably they thought he had gone out of his mind.

But at the end of seven days rain began to fall. So fast did it come down that the rivers soon overflowed their banks and the water spread out over the fields and into the streets, rising, rising, rising. It entered the people's houses and they ran upstairs, only to be followed by the swirling tide. They clambered on to the roofs, but in vain; the water covered them. Others climbed the tallest trees, only to meet with the same fate. Thousands rushed toward the ark and, knocking with all their might upon the door, pleaded with Noah to let them in. But much as he might have desired to do it, he could not. The door was fast; they had come too late. A few moments more, and all were drowned.

Some day the same kind of happening will take place again. Not that there is going to be another flood; the rainbow assures us of that; but the day is coming—just before Jesus returns—when the door of mercy in heaven will be shut, and those who have put off opening their hearts to Jesus when *He* knocked, will be bitterly disappointed; they will discover that they have waited too long, that they have come too late.

Jesus drew a picture of that awful time when He told how "the Master of the house" would rise up, and shut the door, and people would come knocking and saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." Then He will reply. "I don't know who you are; you are too late. You should have come before." (Luke 13:25.)

That is the third knock. I hope you will never have to knock like that. And the only way to avoid such a terrible experience is to knock just now. It is dangerous to put it off. Be sure to give that first knock now. If you do, Jesus will open the door at once, and say, "I'm *so* glad you've come!"



S. W. P.

(89)

Jesus receiving the little boy's lunch

What God Can Do with Little Things

Three Stories in One

T REALLY is wonderful what God can do even with the smallest things. He takes a little acorn, and brings out of it a giant oak tree. Out from a tiny seed, He brings an apple tree that will bear fruit enough to feed an army. With a little baby, He builds a man who rules kingdoms and sways the destiny of the world.

And now let me tell you about three little things mentioned in the Bible that God took and used in very remarkable ways. They are a man's walking stick, an old woman's store cupboard, and a little boy's lunch.

First about the man's walking stick. It belonged to a man named Aaron, and is known in the Bible as Aaron's rod. Probably it was something like a shepherd's crook; but in any case it was just an ordinary piece of dry wood like any other rod. There was nothing special about it at all.

But one day when the people were quarreling among themselves and grumbling at Moses and Aaron, the Lord took this piece of wood and used it to settle the dispute.

He told Moses to take the rods of the leading princes of Israel, twelve in all, and place them, with Aaron's rod, in the tabernacle, saying that if something very remarkable happened to one of the rods before morning, it would be a sign that God recognized the owner of that rod as the leader of His people.

And what do you suppose happened? When Moses went into the tabernacle in the morning, he found a tree growing there, with leaves, flowers, and almonds. No doubt he was very much surprised, for there had never been anything like that in the tabernacle before. Then he noticed that all the foliage was coming from Aaron's rod. That dry old piece of stick had changed into a tree overnight! (Numbers 17:6-8.)

Taking all the rods out to the people, he showed them what had happened, and they saw at once that God had chosen Aaron as His minister.

Now it seemed to me as I read that story that if God could take a dry piece of wood and make it blossom and bear fruit in one night, surely He could take the dullest and most ordinary of children and make them fruit bearers in His service. .

* * * * *

But now about the old woman's store cupboard. It was almost bare. All she had in it was a handful of flour at the bottom of a barrel and a little bit of olive oil in a jug. There had not been a drop of rain for over three years, so the crops had withered away and everybody was starving. She was just about to take her last meal of the flour and oil when the prophet Elijah met her. He, too, was very hungry, and asked her for food.

The poor widow replied that she had practically nothing left, that her store cupboard was just about empty, and the little she had was to make the last meal for herself and her son.

Then Elijah asked her to do a very hard thing. He said, "You make me a cake first." It sounds very

mean of him; but he surely wouldn't have said it if he had not believed for sure that God would do something for the poor woman in return. He promised her, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

She was a noble old soul. Starving though she was, she gave away the little that she had to some one else. And God kept His promise made through His servant Elijah. Something happened to that store cupboard. I don't know what it was, but every time the poor widow went to the barrel or to the oil jug she always found all she required. The barrel was never empty, and the jug never ran dry. I think the angels must have had lots of pleasure filling them up when the old lady wasn't looking.

But just think of it—in the midst of a dried-up country and among a starving people, that dear old woman and her son were kept supplied with food for twelve months until the next season's crops were gathered—and all because she put God first and gave her all to Him!

And don't you think that if God could look after that old lady's store cupboard, He can look after boys and girls to-day? I am sure He can. But it all depends on our putting Him first, and giving Him all we have.

* * * * *

But now you want to know about that little boy's lunch. This is the most remarkable story of all.

One morning a mother living in Galilee stood in the door and waved good-by to her boy who was going

off to spend the day in the fields. She had put up a lunch for him—five large buns, and two small fishes.

So off he went, happy as a lark, looking for something with which to amuse himself for the day. Seeing a number of people running, he joined them, and asked one of them where they were going. Then he learned that Jesus, the Great Teacher and Healer, had crossed over to the other side of the lake by boat and these people were running around to meet Him there.

Thinking this a good opportunity to see Jesus and watch Him heal the people, the boy decided to run on with the others. As they drew near to the place where Jesus was standing, the boy found himself in the midst of a vast crowd of people, all eager to get as near to Him as they could. Only with great difficulty did he manage to squeeze himself near to the front.

At last he reached a place where he could see what was happening and listen to what Jesus was saying.

So this was the Jesus of whom he had heard so much! How glad he was to see Him! What a strong yet kindly face He had! What searching eyes!

Thrilled with wonder and delight, the boy watched the healing of the sick, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, and listened to the beautiful words that came from the Saviour's lips. His heart was won, his love captured.

"Surely," he thought, "this must be the Messiah for whom my people have waited so long! If only I could speak to Him, or touch His hand, or do for Him some little service!"

Just then he saw Jesus turn to one of the men who were standing close by Him. "Philip," said Jesus, "whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?"

Immediately the thought flashed through the boy's mind that perhaps Jesus was hungry and had forgotten to bring any food with Him. He thought of his lunch. Dare he? Dare he?

Just then Andrew caught sight of the lad and seemed at once to understand all that he was thinking about and wishing to do.

"See," he called across to Jesus, "there is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes."

Jesus looked over at the boy, and saw that he was offering his lunch. I'm sure His heart was touched at the sight, for He knows so well how precious are lunches to boys. As for the boy, he was abundantly repaid by the beautiful smile of appreciation that he received. He was only too pleased that his gift had been accepted.

To the boy's surprise, Jesus did not eat the lunch. Instead, He held it in His hands while He asked His disciples to tell the people to sit down and prepare for dinner.

"But He is surely not going to try to feed all this crowd with my little lunch!" said the boy to himself.

But Jesus did not seem the least bit disturbed by the large family He had asked to dine on so small a supply of food.

Presently, when all the people were seated, Jesus bowed His head and asked His Father to bless the food. Then He began to break the buns into pieces and pass them to the disciples to hand around to the people.

The boy watched most intently, and he was amazed to notice that there seemed to be no end to the buns; the more Jesus broke off the more there seemed to be,

so much so that when all the five thousand people were fully satisfied, there was food lying about on the ground uneaten, and each of the disciples brought back a full basket of pieces.

What a huge supply of food that little boy's lunch had made! Who would have thought it! Not only did the boy get a good dinner himself, but everybody else did too! And why was it? All because the boy had placed his lunch in the hands of Jesus.

Maybe you haven't much that you can call your own. Maybe you don't even have a lunch you can give Him; but you can be sure of this, that the same Jesus who took those five buns and two little fishes, and made them feed five thousand people is able to take all you will give Him and multiply it a thousandfold for the blessing of others.

You try it and see. Say to Him to-night in the words of that beautiful old hymn:

*"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.*

*"Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.*

*"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."*

On Galilee

And Some Wonderful Things That Happened There in the Long Ago

OF COURSE you have all heard of the Sea of Galilee. Really it is not a "sea" at all, but a little mountain lake through which the River Jordan passes on its way down to the Dead Sea.

But though Galilee is not so big as some people imagine, it is one of the most beautiful places in all the world. I shall never forget how lovely it looked that bright spring morning I was there. The sun was shining brilliantly, making the lake seem like a gem of sapphire set amid the emerald hills. I could not help thinking that Jesus chose a glorious place for His years of ministry.

From His earliest youth Jesus was familiar with the lake. Nazareth is only a few miles away, and probably He went down the hill to bathe in it many a time.

When He began to preach, it was around Galilee that He did most of His work, and healed so many of the people. It was on the hillside overlooking the lake that He fed the five thousand. Into the lake went the two thousand swine that fell down the precipice.

Here it was that Jesus found Peter and his brother Andrew fishing, and called them to be "fishers of men."

But while Galilee is very beautiful when the sun is shining, it is not always like that. It is one of the most treacherous of lakes. All of a sudden the weather will change, and strong gusts of wind sweep down upon



the water, tossing it about until the waves are almost as high as on the open sea. Even nowadays boats are frequently capsized, and people drowned.

Some of the most thrilling experiences in the life of Jesus took place here.

One evening, after a very busy day, the disciples had started out to cross the lake. Jesus was with them; but being very tired indeed, He had fallen asleep, and was lying in the rear of the boat on a pillow.

They were about in the middle when suddenly down came the wind, lashing the waves into fury. The boat rolled and tossed about, each wave pouring in more water. The disciples baled it out as fast as they could, but it was useless. In a few minutes the boat was full and, knowing what had happened to so many others on the sea, the disciples thought their last hour had come.

But Jesus calmly slept on. He *must* have been tired!

Terrified, the disciples at last decided to rouse Him.

"Master!" they cried. "Carest Thou not that we perish?"

Just as though He didn't care!

Rising in the water-logged boat, He calmly told the wind to cease blowing, using those beautiful, familiar words: "Peace, be still!"

Immediately the wind died down—as suddenly as it had come up—and all was calm, silent, and peaceful.

Turning to the disciples, Jesus said to them, "Why are you so fearful? You shouldn't have worried."

But no one dared reply. They sat in their seats awed, whispering to one another amid the silence of

the night, "What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

* * * * *

Some time after this the disciples were again on the sea, rowing hard amid tossing waves. It was the night after Jesus had fed the five thousand. He had sent the disciples on ahead while He stayed behind alone to pray.

Seeing the waves rising higher and higher, the disciples wondered whether they were going to have an experience similar to the one they had had before—and this time there was no Jesus in the boat.

About three o'clock in the morning, when pitch darkness reigned, one of the men gave a cry of alarm and called his fellows.

"Look!" he cried, "look over there! Isn't that the figure of a man moving over the water?"

"It's a ghost!" cried the others, terrified. All thought of the boat and the storm left their minds. They could do nothing but sit with eyes fastened on the form that was moving slowly across the rolling waves.

"It's going past us!" cried one.

"So it is!" whispered the others, with relief.

Then came the sound of a familiar voice:

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

Peter was so relieved that he called out, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water."

"Come!" said Jesus, and Peter climbed over the side of the boat, and stepped out. I think he must have held his breath as he did it. I'm sure I should have done so.

But Peter, trusting Jesus completely, and upheld by an unseen power, strode off across the waves. What joy! He had never felt such a thrill go through him before. How gloriously did he glide over the rolling billows!

“Splash!”

A big wave broke over him, and seemed to wash away all his courage.

“I’m going to sink after all!” he said to himself, and the next instant, he found himself going down. The fear of death came upon him, and with all the power of his voice, he cried, “Lord, save me!”

In a moment Jesus was by his side, lifting him from the water and leading him back to the boat.

“O thou of little faith,” He said, “wherefore didst thou doubt?”

As soon as they reached the boat, the wind ceased, and again the lake was calm.

Thinking over all that had happened the day before,—the healing of the sick, the feeding of the five thousand, and now Jesus’ walking on the water, the saving of Peter, and the stilling of the storm,—the disciples were overwhelmed with wonder. There in the darkness and silence of the night, they began to creep down the boat toward Jesus, moving quietly, one by one, until all were around Him. And under the stars they worshiped Him, saying, “Of a truth Thou art the Son of God!”



Jesus entering Jerusalem

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“Behold, Thy King Cometh!”

QUICK, children, quick!” cried a voice, “He is coming along the road now.” In an instant the game was abandoned and the group of boys and girls rushed off helter-skelter to see the sight.

From all directions, down from the hillsides and out from Jerusalem, the people were swarming in hundreds.

Like wildfire the news had spread that Jesus, the great Teacher of Galilee, was that day to ride in triumph into Jerusalem to be King of the Jews.

How happy all the people were! At last they were to obtain their freedom. The Messiah had come to reign gloriously in Jerusalem, feeding the hungry and healing the sick.

And the children! They could scarcely contain themselves. To them Jesus was the great hero of the hour. He had always been so kind to them, so different from the other grown-ups, that they loved Him dearly. And to think that now He was to become their King! They were wild with delight.

“Here He comes! Here He comes!”

The cry was taken up by the multitudes that lined the roadside and echoed from the lips of thousands who gazed from their cottage doorways or looked down from the city walls.

Yes, there He was, riding slowly along upon a donkey, not dressed in kingly robes, but with more than kingly bearing.

As He drew nearer and nearer to the city, the excitement became still more intense. People took off their outer garments and laid them down upon the

roadway in token of their loyalty and love. Others broke branches off the trees and strewed them across His path.

Then some one cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!"

In a moment a thousand voices repeated the welcoming words, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" To those on the battlements of the city the mingled voices rising from the valley sounded like the roar of the ocean waves.

Soon the vast procession reached the city walls. The gates were flung wide open and in rode Jesus on a donkey, with the boys and girls dancing around Him in glee, and the multitude following, acclaiming Him as the new ruler of Israel.

Now the whole city was stirred, and everybody—men, women, and children—came to see what was going on. I don't suppose anybody remained indoors that day.

Jesus went straight to the temple, where, finding it full of cattle dealers, salesmen, and money changers, He drove them all out, saying to them in a commanding voice, which none dared disobey, "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

In the midst of all this tumult, some blind men, and some that were lame, were led to Jesus. In a moment they were healed.

Thrilled by the overthrow of the wicked money changers and the healing of the blind and the lame, the children burst out in song again: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna! Hosanna!"

At this the Pharisees came to Jesus and told Him to tell the children to stop, but He would not do it. "If they were to stop," He said to them, "the very stones would cry out."

Then a strange thing happened. In the midst of all the acclamations of the people, when He could easily have become king if He had but said the word, Jesus quietly withdrew and went away by Himself to a little cottage in Bethany. Very few, if any, of the people saw Him go; and when they discovered that He had gone they wondered what had happened.

Many of these people never saw Jesus again until He was being led away to be crucified, and they were very much perplexed. Why did this Man, who seemed to have so much power at His command, so easily yield Himself up to His enemies? They could not understand it. Of them all, I think that the children must have been the most keenly disappointed. They had hoped for so much from Jesus, and now He was crucified! It was heartbreaking.

But a few days later the news spread that Jesus had risen from the dead. Again Jerusalem was filled with excitement. Was it really true?

Yes, it was true. Hundreds of people saw Him again,—men, women, and children. Then they began to understand why He had refused to be an earthly monarch. He was a far greater king than that.

One day He went to Bethany and, in full view of His disciples, rose up into the air and departed into heaven, promising them that He certainly would come back some day and take them to be with Himself.

Ever since that day people have been looking for Jesus to come back from the skies. It is now nearly

nineteen hundred years since He went away, but He is not going to stay away much longer.

Nearly all the things have happened which Jesus said He would send as signs of His return; so we shall not have long to wait now. To-day all over the world thousands and thousands of men and women, boys and girls, are getting ready to meet Him. They are saying to those who do not know about it, "Behold, thy King cometh."

And when He does come, oh, but won't we all be glad to see Him! I think the children will be the happiest of all, don't you?

Maybe He will come in the middle of some dark and stormy night. From lip to lip the cry will pass, "Jesus is coming!"

We shall jump out of our beds and run to the window, and there in the sky we shall see Him in all His glory. The darkness will be banished, and the night turned into day by the dazzling radiance that surrounds Him.

In that moment those who have not believed in Him will be very frightened, but the children who have loved Him will say, "This is our Jesus; we have been waiting for Him; we are so glad He has come!" (Isaiah 25:9.)

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